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Biography.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF R. SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

(Written in 1814.)

Independently of the acknowledged utility to society of the memoirs of persons eminent for their virtues and their talents, there is one view in which biographical notices of living characters especially are productive of a double benefit to the individual and to the community: they show him that the eyes of his contemporaries are directed towards him, in anxious solicitude that he may realize the hopes he has raised in his earlier exertions by performances, the advantages of which may be reaped even by the most distant posterity. This incentive must, however, principally operate upon young persons who have given proofs of future excellence, whose natural diffidence of their own powers requires abatement, and whose resolution to persevere stands in need of confirmation. Those who, like the subject of the present sketch, during a long course of years, have been successfully employed upon works whose uniform tendency is the amelioration and mental aggrandizement of the species, will want no such inducement; they are influenced by more exalted motives. It is, surely, no small praise of Mr. Southey to say with truth, in an age when effusions calculated to produce a far different effect (the popular applause bestowed upon which has in general been in proportion to the censure they ought justly to have received) have been swallowed with such greedy satisfaction, that not a single line can be quoted from any of his voluminous productions that has done or can do the slightest injury to the sacred cause of virtue and morality. It is true, that in two of his earlier lyric poems he speaks slightly of the mere forms of religion, but this contempt of prejudices arose from his warm admiration of princi-

ples, the place of which, his youthful zeal apprehended, external ceremonies were in danger of usurping.

The families from which Mr. Robert Southey is descended, both on his father's and on his mother's side, are of great respectability, in the county of Somerset, and at the time the subject of the present memoir was born, on the 12th of August, 1774, the father was engaged in an extensive business in the city of Bristol. To obtain the first rudiments of knowledge, young Southey was placed under the care of a Mr. Foote, who kept a small school in Bristol, but before he had reached his seventh year he was removed to a seminary at Carston. After continuing there about two years, he returned to his native place, where he was put under the care of a clergyman. At a very early age his friends discovered in him talents and qualities that deserved to be placed in a higher sphere than that in which his father had moved; they therefore designed him for the church. With a view to give him every advantage, Robert Southey, in the year 1787, was sent to Westminster school, having already attained, under his former instructors, such an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek languages as exempted him from the drudgery of the lower forms.

As in the infancy of nations, so in the infancy of individuals, a taste for poetry is the first fruit of cultivation. We speak of the taste for poetry as distinct from the mere sensual love of poetry, produced by the rise and fall of verse upon the ear, which can be enjoyed even by barbarians, because, as Ben Jonson says, "Nature is more strong in them than study." According to the depth or slightness of the impression made by poetry in childhood, the tone and colour is generally given to the future life. If it be only superficial, the bustle and friction of the world soon wears it away, but in many cases the lapse of time only augments its strength, and it can never be defaced or obliterated. There are, however, few, or perhaps none, who in early youth do not exhibit, more or less, an affection for "the nurse of all knowledge and virtue." Upon a mind like Southey's, tenderly sensible of the slightest touch of beauty, this impression could not fail to be deep, aided as it was by the individuals by whom he was surrounded, while he remained at Bristol. His maternal aunt, Miss Tyler, was extremely fond of her promising nephew, took great pains with his education, and by encouraging him in reading some of our best writers of the old school, converted his youthful and transitory passion into a fixed and enthusiastic attachment to the muses. We have been told that long before he left Carston his productions in verse had received great applause in the little domestic circle to which his ambition was then confined; but that circle was soon enlarged, his ambition expanded in proportion, and by the time he

had been only a few months at Westminster school he became, as Randolph expresses it, an actual "graduate in the threadbare mystery." We have been shown, by one of his schoolfellows, two copies of verses, said to have been written by Southey when he was about fourteen years old. Deep thought, which is the offspring of experience, cannot, of course, be expected in them, but they may be justly admired for the very easy and musical flow of the numbers: indeed, they prove, from internal evidence, that the author must have been some time a dabbler in rhymes to have already attained such excellence in versification. Most probably, the great attention he paid to English poetry was the true reason why his Latin verses gained him little credit, while he remained at Westminster school. His amiable and inoffensive manners attracted the love of his companions, though from his retired disposition and his love of study, or more properly of reading, he seldom joined in the noisy mirth of schoolboy exultation.

At the age of a little more than eighteen, in Nov. 1792, Mr. Southey was entered a commoner of Baliol College, Oxford. His father was, at this time, in no condition, from losses in trade, to defray his expenses, which were paid, we believe, in a great measure, by his maternal uncle the Rev. Mr. Hill, (formerly many years chaplain of the British factory at Lisbon, and now of Streatham Surrey,) and by his aunt, Miss Tyler, a lady of considerable fortune. About three months after the college rolls had received the name of Robert Southey, the King of France was beheaded, the Revolution being at that time at its height. Whoever recollects that the most specious pretences of public benefits were then held out by those who were only anxious to secure their own private interests, that the whole empire was divided into two great parties, the young and enthusiastic, who confidently looked forward to the happiest results, being ranged on the one side, and the experienced and timid, who dreaded that "a death-blow would be given to all rational liberty," (to use Mr. Burke's words,) being united on the other, will not wonder at finding the name of Southey in the ranks of the former. Constitutional energy of feeling and warmth of imagination, naturally attached a young man of eighteen to a cause which, even to graver heads, seemed to promise so much; nor can we severely blame a choice which, however erroneous, was governed, not by any factious or ambitious spirit, but by the purest love of genuine liberty; the fault was judging too benevolently of the views of the chief instigators of the Revolution: their admirers "drew men as they ought to be, not as they are." The result has undeceived Mr. Southey, and half Europe with him: to have changed an opinion with all experience in favour of the alteration, cannot surely be imputed as a

crime: the offence is, and no slight one, to continue to maintain, with something worse than senseless obstinacy, the truth and justice of the exploded opinions which those who now uphold them were formerly deeply interested to support.

At Oxford, during the year 1793, Mr. Southey became acquainted with two fellow commoners, Mr. S. T. Coleridge and Mr. Lovell: they formed a triumvirate of enthusiasts in politics and poetry, and the similarity of literary pursuits and of political sentiments, soon united them in bonds of the most strict and confidential friendship. The system of fraternization, which in France had been carried to so ridiculous an extent, was transplanted into England. The three fellow students vowed an eternal brotherly affection, and heated with the prevailing democratical opinions upon the revolution in France, listening only to the favourable representations, and remembering that but ten years previous what was termed by some the "ever glorious work of independence" had been effected in America, they left college with a determination to forsake their native country, (where they then idly thought an indestructible system of slavery was established,) to settle on the fertile banks of the Susquehanna.

It was an age of madness, and many others entertained the same wild project with which the youthful poets were enchanted. If persons of cold and calculating minds, uninfluenced by any thing but a supposed estimate of augmented interest, entered into such a vain scheme, it is not wonderful that three boys, (for they were little more,) gifted with imaginations soaring towards "the highest heaven of invention," should promise delights of more than human transport, that none but themselves could foresee, and depict scenes dressed in more than the gay luxuriance of nature that only fancy's eye could behold. The excessive extravagance of their views at this distance of time, and when so many events have intervened, can scarcely be believed, and its existence is rendered certain almost solely to those who have had an opportunity of seeing the animated letters and high wrought poems, of the several parties upon the inspiring subject.

When the three friends quitted college they repaired to Bristol, for the purpose of carrying their design into execution. We understand that Mr. Southey's father was at this time dead. A Mr. Allen, Mr. Burnett, (the author of the *History of Poland*,) and several others, were to accompany them in this expedition. They were to form an independent colony on the banks of the Susquehanna, and consistently with the reigning views at that time, they were to have every thing in common, and, as the title which they gave their society implies, all were to have the

same share in the administration of the public affairs of their new government. It was termed a *Pantisocracy*.

Mr. Southey and his relations had for some time been acquainted with a family of the name of Fricker, in which there were four daughters, three of whom were at that time of a marriageable age. To one of these young ladies Mr. Southey had, we believe, previously formed an attachment, and as it was necessary, in order to render the colony more extensive and flourishing, and as young poets lose half their inspiration in the absence of females, it was after some previous negotiations, agreed that Mr. Coleridge, and Mr. Lovell should marry the other two sisters, and that Mrs. Fricker and her youngest daughter should accompany the expedition. Of course the whole scheme, but particularly the marriage of her nephew into a family whose wealth was by no means a recommendation, met with the strong disapprobation of Miss Tyler, who used her utmost exertions to prevent its execution. We know not exactly to what cause the defeat of this visionary plan is to be attributed; whether to the representations of Miss Tyler, the entreaties of Mr. Southey's mother, or the unwillingness of Mrs. Fricker, whether to the changes in the political world, or whether to the arrival of the Rev. Mr. Hill, (Mr. Southey's maternal uncle, whose name we have before mentioned) from Portugal, at that juncture. Mr. Hill was in possession of a living at Hereford, which obliged him to return to England annually, and one of these visits occurred just at the time the young adventurers were contemplating their speedy embarkation for their trans-atlantic expedition.

On his return to Lisbon in 1795, (the colonizing scheme having been unwillingly relinquished by all the parties, but particularly by Mr. Southey) Mr. Hill proposed to take his nephew with him, and with great persuasion, the young man's consent was at last obtained. When we reflect upon the real state of society in America, even at this moment, when it is better known than in 1794, and when so much important knowledge has been acquired by the natives, we cannot help rejoicing, on many accounts, that the plan was never undertaken: it would have been impossible that three or four families could have maintained themselves long separate from the rest of the inhabitants in a glorious independence, and the literary productions of the United States show, beyond a doubt, that Mr. Southey and his friends could have been met by no congenial feeling: poetical enthusiasm, which devotes the heart and soul to the service of others, and mercantile plodding, which appropriates all exertion to the promotion of self-interest, can never be made concurrent in their labours or amusements. The only poem of length (if poem it may be called,) written by an American, is

the Columbiad of Joel Barlow, which may be fairly said to be a striking likeness of the country it celebrates.

The marriage of Mr. Southey and Miss Fricker, which had been contracted under the notion of a settlement in North America, had not at this time (1795) been solemnized, but on Mr. Hill undertaking to conduct his nephew to Portugal, it was concluded that the nuptials should not be celebrated until after his return. The attachment of Mr. Southey, however, was too strong to allow him to rest his happiness upon the unsure footing of a distant union, that a thousand accidents (of nine hundred and ninety-nine of which lovers alone are sensible,) might postpone or prevent. He therefore determined, contrary to the advice of his friends, we believe, immediately to marry the lady he had chosen, and on the very day of the solemnization he left Bristol to accompany his uncle to Spain. To no part of his family was this connexion more displeasing than to Miss Tyler, whose objections were continued for a considerable time after the event.

When Mr. Southey left England, the period fixed for his return was the end of six months, and almost to a day he kept the appointment he had made. Mrs. Southey in the meantime, boarded at the house of a friend in Bristol. After his arrival in his native country, Mr. Southey for some years remained in his native city and its vicinity in the enjoyment of the tranquil pleasures of a domestic circle, enlivened by the company of the choicest friends that society affords. He pursued his literary labours, or rather his literary pleasures, with great zeal and industry, and laid the foundation of several of the works he has since published. We did not interrupt our notice to observe, that in 1795, he produced a volume of poems in conjunction with Robert Lovell, under the classic names of Moschus and Bion; titles perhaps not well chosen, when we consider the nature of most of the pieces, although it must be admitted that of all the writers among—

“The learned Greeks, rich in fit epithets,

“Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words,”

there are none that seem to approach so nearly to the modern style of thought and expression. Southey at this time had not attained his twentieth year, and Lovell was younger. The year following that of his marriage, 1796, appeared his *Joan of Arc*, which is stated to have been written in the short space of six weeks. It is by no means regular in its conduct, or equal in its execution, and for its defects and negligence the shortness of time can be no adequate excuse: why, it may be asked, did he not take more time to perfect it? Voltaire boasted that his *Princesse de Navarre*, we think, was written in five days; but he was limited to that space, since it was to be represented at a

fête given on the marriage of the dauphin. Our astonishment will, however, not be the less that the poem of Joan of Arc is deformed by so few imperfections, and decorated with so many beauties.

The gratification and improvement experienced by Mr. Southey in his first visit to the Peninsula induced him, after remaining in England about six years, to project a return thither in company with his wife, which he accomplished in the beginning of the year 1800, and for sixteen months he was employed in travelling through various parts of Spain and Portugal. The observations he made upon the manners of the people, upon the government of the country, and the results of his tasteful and laborious literary investigations were given to the public on his return to his native land in the letters which he wrote to England during his absence. They are too well known to need any comment; that work and Lord Holland's *Life of Lope de Vega* contain a great mass of information respecting the literature of the Peninsula, until then little attended to in this country. In Germany the critics had formed a much higher estimate of its value. He also about this time published, in conjunction with Mr. C. Lamb, Sir H. Davy, and others, two volumes of poems called the *Annual Anthology*.

Towards the close of the year 1801, Mr. Southey obtained the appointment of secretary to Mr. Corry, at that time chancellor of the exchequer for Ireland, and continued to hold the place until his principal quitted the office, when we believe that Mr. Southey's talents and services received a reward which they eminently merited. Before, however, he entered upon the duties of this office, he laid before the public his poem of *Thalaba, the Destroyer*, which excited a strong sensation in the literary community. Much learned dust was raised in disputes respecting the pre-eminence of its merits or defects, but the decision of the public was unquestionably in its favour. Mr. Southey never meant to confine himself within the rigid rules prescribed to the Greek epic, and therefore by them it was unfair to judge him. As Pope says somewhere, in his preface to *Shakspeare*, it would be like deciding that a man was guilty of a crime in one country when he acted under the laws of another. The greater part of *Thalaba* was written in Portugal. In 1801 also appeared a volume of miscellaneous pieces, none of which can be read without some degree of praise; it was followed by a second volume of the same kind a few years afterwards.

In the autumn of 1802, or the spring of 1803, Mr. Southey retired to the romantic vicinity of Keswick, in Cumberland, where he has, with the interruption only of short visits to London, resided ever since, surrounded by his family. The house

in which he lives is divided in the centre: one half is occupied by Mr. Southey, his wife, and children, and the other half by Mrs. Coleridge (sister to Mrs. Southey) and her two sons. Mrs. Lovell, who it will be remembered is also a sister of Mrs. Southey, but whose husband died a short time after they were married, lives under the roof of her brother-in-law, and educates his daughters, of whom there are four; the eldest has, we understand, just completed the twelfth year. Mr. Southey has also one son of about the age of eight years, whom he takes great pleasure in educating himself.—Mr. Southey is a man of a most happy and domestic temper, delighting in the society of his children even in his most laborious hours; and from habit he has obtained such a power of abstraction as to be able to pursue his studies in their company without interruption, excepting when his paternal tenderness is called forth by the plaintive cries of his infant offspring.—The affection subsisting between the three sisters residing under one roof, is an admirable example. It is most painful often to observe how intercourse with the world, and collision with other objects, generally wears away and chips off the more delicate graces, and in many cases absolutely destroys that regard which in early youth subsisted between the amiable and innocent members of united families.

We are not aware that any event has occurred during the last ten years to disturb the sweet tranquillity of the subject of this memoir. He has during that period published a number of works well known to our readers, and all of them in high esteem: a list of those not already mentioned in the course of this article is supplied below.

In the month of September last, Mr. Southey accepted the office of poet-laureat on the death of the late occupant, Mr. Pye. For ourselves, we rejoiced extremely that the place was to be supplied by a man whose talents were likely to confer honour upon the office: without meaning to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Pye, it has generally happened of late that the office has conferred honour upon the individual, and not the individual upon the office. As to the question of political consistency, surely the moment when all hearts are animated by but one sentiment of exultation at the recent glorious events which have destroyed what all admit to have been an odious tyranny, is not a time to revive political animosities; and surely when we have just witnessed the bloody progress and happy *denouement* of the French revolutionary tragedy, it is not a time to censure those who have repented of the errors of youthful ardour. To such as maintain that the laureat is a person who must necessarily model his views by those of the court, we ask whether there have not been exceptions to this rule, and whether

the mode of Mr. Southey's appointment does not enable him, if it be requisite, to add to the number of those exceptions? He is required to produce no slavish birth-day odes; none has been published for the present year; but, above all, supposing we admitted all that is alleged on this subject, we would ask if this be not a period when the applauses that might be bestowed by the laureat upon the recent efforts of government, would not be echoed by the whole population of liberated Europe?

The last work of Mr. Southey, just published, and not mentioned in the list subjoined, consists of Odes to the Allied Sovereigns, which doubtless most of our readers have perused. The author, we are given to understand, has several large works, some completed, and some in progress. One of them, we hear, is a poem strictly epic, the hero of which, singular as it may seem—is a member of the Society of Friends. This is not the only work of that nature finished; and as Mr. Southey is understood to make it a rule to write 40 lines every morning before breakfast, his progress in any undertaking is very rapid.

The following is a list of such of Mr. Southey's works as have not been already mentioned:—

Amadis de Gaul, from the Spanish of Garciordonez de Montalvo, 4 vols. 12mo. 1803.

The Works of Thomas Chatterton, (published for the benefit of his sister, Mrs. Newton,) 3 vols. 8vo. 1803.

Madoc, a poem, 4to. 1805.

Specimens of later English Poets, with Preliminary Notes, 3 vols. 8vo. 1807.

Palmerin of England, from the Portuguese of Francis de Moraes, 4 vols. 1807.

Letters from England, by Don Manuel Velasquez Espriella, (not absolutely acknowledged by, but universally attributed to, Mr. Southey,) 1807.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, with an Account of his Life, 2 vols. 8vo. 1807.

The Chronicle of the Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, from the Spanish, 4to. 1808.

The History of Brasil, Vol. I. 4to. 1810.

The Curse of Kehama, a poem, 4to. 1811. 3d edition 1813.

Omniana, 2 vols. foolscap, 8vo. 1812.

Life of Lord Nelson, 2 vols. sm. 8vo. 1813.

Carmen Triumphale, 4to. 1814.

Miscellany.**THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.**

How eloquent is silence! Acquiescence, contradiction, deference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your mistress' affection? The fair one, whose timidity shrinks from an avowal of her tender sentiments, confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a complacent and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion, which you may deem false, made by some one, of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt? You denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive and submissive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a coxcomb? You signify your despicable opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Are you, in the course of any negotiation, about to enter on a discussion painful to your own feelings, and to those who are concerned in it? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence. Are you witness to some miraculous display of supernatural power, the dread and astonishment with which you are impressed imposes an involuntary silence. Silence has also its utility and advantages. And, 1st, What an incalculable portion of domestic strife and dissension might have been prevented; how often might the quarrel, which, by mutual aggravation, has perhaps terminated in bloodshed, have been checked in its commencement by a well-timed and judicious silence; those persons only who have experienced are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which, to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall answer never a word. 2dly. There are not wanting instances where the reputation, the fortune, the happiness, nay the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence, either by the suppression of some condemning circumstance, or by refusing to unite in the defamatory allegation. 3dly. To any one who is anxious to pass for a person of deep reflection and superior understanding, I would recommend to say but little; silence being considered by many people as a certain indication of wisdom; and I must myself confess, that I should prefer the man who thinks much without speaking, to him who speaks much without thinking. Not that I would be supposed to be an advocate for habitual taciturnity. No one can better appreciate the delight derived from intellectual intercourse. Notwithstanding which, I see daily cause to admire

the truth and justice of that apothegm, which says, "Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety."

A POPULAR VIEW OF THE ORGANS OF RESPIRATION IN ANIMALS.

Quadrupeds and Whales.—The lungs of quadrupeds, like those of man, are divided into lobes, lobules, and minute cells, upon which the small branches of the pulmonary arteries are spread. The lungs of such of these animals as pass the greater portion of their lives under the surface of the water, have a firmer texture than the others, and are not divided into lobes, but are elongated and flattened. The pleura of whales is of an elastic substance, and their larynx is pushed up into their nostrils.

Birds.—In birds the lungs are of a connected uniform substance, not reducible into lobes or lobules, as in the mammalia, though they contain numerous minute air-cells. They are situated on each side of the dorsal spine. A considerable portion of the thorax, as well as of the abdomen, is occupied by membranous air-cells, with which the lungs communicate. There are others situated amongst the muscles; and again others in the interior of the bones; the greater part of which have a regular communication with the lungs, and are of essential service to these animals in rendering their bodies lighter than they otherwise would be, and thus aiding their flight through the air. Birds have no diaphragm; neither are the muscular portions of the lungs sufficient for respiration: this, consequently, is performed by a lid-like motion of the whole thorax; which, being alternately raised and depressed, creates an alternate enlargement and diminution of the abdominal cavity. The barrels of the quills of birds also contain air, and can be filled and emptied at pleasure.

In *Reptiles* and *Serpents*, the cells of the lungs are peculiarly large. They are merely membranous bags; more cellular and vascular at their upper than their lower extremity, which seems to serve as a reservoir for air. Toads, frogs, lizards, &c. perform respiration by means of their bag-like jaws, drawing the air through their nostrils, and swallowing it in the same manner as other animals do their food. In the turtles, however, the structure is more complicated; since they appear to possess organs of inspiration and expiration, and their lungs are uniform in texture throughout; but the vesicles are very large. The tadpoles, or immaturred offspring of toads, frogs, and such lizards as breed in the water, are furnished with a kind of organ on each side of the head, which somewhat resembles the gills of a fish.

Fishes.—The organs which supply the place of lungs in fishes are denominated gills. These are situated on the sides of the head, and consist of several rows of soft, red, and comb-like filaments, attached above by means of a cartilage to the two rough or dentated bones of the palate, and below connected together by a cartilage in the skin of the throat. The surface of the gills in some species of fishes is surprisingly great: that of the gills of a skate was calculated by Dr. Monro to be equal to fifteen square feet, or to the surface of the whole human body. It is to be remarked that the most active fish have generally the largest surface of gills. Fishes in breathing draw water into the mouth, at the same time closing the apertures of the gills with the large external membrane or cover with which they are supplied; they then force the water through the gills, by which the air contained in it is separated and permitted to operate upon the blood; the membranes of the gills are then opened, and the water ejected through the apertures.

Crustaceous Animals, as crabs and lobsters, have a kind of gills on each side of the body under the thorax, and a little above the upper joints of the legs. These gills are known by the common people in many parts of England by the name of *dead mens' flesh*; and are considered to be greatly injurious, if not poisonous, to people eating them.

Insects.—The structure of insects is extremely curious. They have no discoverable blood-vessels, and even the highest magnifying powers exhibit nothing but ramifications of air-vessels. None of them breathe through the mouth, as in the warm-blooded tribes of animals; but in place of this, they are furnished usually along each side of the body, with several openings or tubes, which are denominated tracheæ, or spiracula. These communicate with a lateral spiral vessel, which ramifies over and communicates with almost every part of their body. The tracheæ are much larger and more numerous in the larva or caterpillar state of such insects as undergo a metamorphosis, than after they attain their perfect form. The stigmata through which these communicate with the air, are particularly conspicuous along the sides of several of the larger kinds of caterpillars. Some species of beetles, which reside principally under the surface of the water, have the tracheæ covered by their elytra or wing-cases: in order to respire, they rise to the surface of the water, open their elytra a little, and enclose a bubble of air underneath, which they force through the stigmata by compression in descending. The larvæ of the dragon-flies, which also live in water, as well as those of some other aquatic insects, have an opening at the extremity of the abdomen, which, for the purpose of respiration, they raise above the surface of the water.

Vermes.—With respect to this class of animals it is to be remarked, that the cuttle-fish have two separate gills, each connected with a separate heart to supply it with blood. This, when oxydated, is returned by pulmonary veins to a third heart, which supplies the rest of the body. In the snails there is a cavity on the side of the neck which receives air by a small aperture, which can be opened and shut at the pleasure of the animal. The pulmonary vessels ramify on the sides of this cavity. This is likewise the case in the univalve testaceous animals. In many of the mollusca there is a fringy substance situated in the back, which is their organ of respiration. In the doris there are several of these ranged round the head. The oyster and some others have gills which bear a distant resemblance to those of fish. The inhabitants of a few of the bivalve shells have air-vessels which lie between the membrane of a simple or double tubular canal, which is found at the anterior part of the animal, and is capable of extension and retraction. In several of the species of round worms there is no distinct organ of respiration, although they have distinct pulmonary vessels, which terminate in tufts under the integuments.

Zoophytes.—Of the zoophytes, the star-fish have a fringed substance extended along each limb. These communicate above the stomach, and have their exit under an operculum near the centre of the upper part of the body. In general, however, the zoophytes have no observable organ of respiration, their blood being oxydated through their superficial vessels.

In plants it is supposed that respiration is carried on through apertures upon the surface of the leaves, and that these communicate with the sap-vessels through their coats. S. X.

DAVID HUME AT PARIS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO DR. ROBERTSON.

Do you ask me about my course of life? I can only say, that I eat nothing but ambrosia, drink nothing but nectar, breathe nothing but incense, and tread on nothing but flowers. Every man I meet, and still more every lady, would think they were wanting in the most indispensable duty, if they did not make to me a long and elaborate harangue in my praise. What happened last week, when I had the honour of being presented to the Dauphin's children at Versailles, is one of the most curious scenes I have yet passed through. The Duc de B. the eldest, a boy of ten years old, stepped forth, and told me how many friends and admirers I had in this country, and that he reckoned himself in the number, from the pleasure he had received from the reading of many passages in my works.

When he had finished, his brother, the Count de P. who is two years younger, began his discourse, and informed me, that I had been long and impatiently expected in France; and that he himself expected soon to have great satisfaction from the reading of my fine history. But what is more curious; when I was carried thence to the Count de A. who is but four years of age, I heard him mumble something, which, though he had forgot it in the way, I conjectured from some scattered words, to have been also a panegyric dictated to him. Nothing could more surprise my friends, the Parisian philosophers, than this incident.

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* * It is conjectured that this honour was paid me by express order from the Dauphin, who, indeed, is not, on any occasion, sparing in my praise.

All this attention and panegyric was at first oppressive to me; but now it sits more easy.

CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER:

Being an Extract from the Life of a Scholar.

(Continued from p. 94.)

But who, and what, meantime, was the master of the house himself? Reader, he was one of those anomalous practitioners in lower departments of the law, who—what shall I say?—who, on prudential reasons, or from necessity, deny themselves all indulgence in the luxury of too delicate a conscience; (a periphrasis which might be abridged considerably, but *that* I leave to the reader's taste:) in many walks of life, a conscience is a more expensive incumbrance, than a wife or a carriage; and just as people talk of "laying down" their carriages, so I suppose my friend, Mr. — had "laid down" his conscience for a time; meaning, doubtless, to resume it as soon as he could afford it. The inner economy of such a man's daily life would present a most strange picture, if I could allow myself to amuse the reader at his expense. Even with my limited opportunities for observing what went on, I saw many scenes of London intrigues, and complex chicanery, "cycle and epicycle, orb in orb," at which I sometimes smile to this day—and at which I smiled then, in spite of my misery. My situation, however, at that time, gave me little experience, in my own person, of any qualities in Mr. —'s character but such as did him honour; and of his whole strange composition, I must forget every thing but that towards me he was obliging, and, to the extent of his power, generous.

That power was not, indeed, very extensive; however, in

common with the rats, I sate rent free; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us;" and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birthday—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family; and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar, and a neglected child.—Her, by the bye, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessaries to conciliate my affections; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing, that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—'*Sine Cerere*,' &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connexion with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to

converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a Catholic creature, and as standing in an equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called Street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting. But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, Oh noble minded Ann——, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive.—For many weeks I had walked at nights with this poor friendless girl up and down Oxford-street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Her's was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect, and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and under ground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and frame-work of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed: and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time: for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart: and perhaps she thought justly

that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realize. Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night, when we were pacing slowly along Oxford-street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went; and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reascent under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford-street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her own humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessities of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude, might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chase—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep: for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms "too deep for tears;" not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings:—but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquillizing belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts, I am cheerful to this hour: and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others: and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford-street by dreamy lamp-light, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her) I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever. How it happened, the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW THEORY OF THE DELUGE.

A printed sheet has been sent to us, intitled "*Observations on the Disposition of the Waters at the Creation, at the time of the Universal Deluge, and at present,*" signed 'Augustus May-erbach,' and dated London, October 1st. The prominent points in this paper upon a subject which has excited much learned disquisition, and is of a highly interesting nature, may be gathered from the following:—

"I consider," says the writer, "the word firmament, as used in the 6th verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, to mean the shell or incrustation which divides the waters which are on the surface of the earth, from the waters within its internal abyss.

"In adopting this simple view of the original disposition of the waters of the terrestrial globe, the way is cleared for a more literal acceptance of the representation given in the Bible, and the very expressions made use of become no longer figurative, but accurately descriptive.

"The waters, which were to remain upon the surface of the earth had, by the divine command, been separated at the creation, from the waters which were to be confined in the abyss, by

the intervention of a material, impenetrable substance, in the nature of a shell, when, in the year of the world 1657, the Almighty ordained that universal deluge which destroyed all life from off the earth, except the living creatures shut up with Noah in the ark."

Mr. Mayerbach never questions that the flood was produced by a miracle, but seems to seek the obvious way by which that miracle was operated. He continues—

"My own supposition is, *that the firmament, or shell, which divided the waters from the waters, was, at the time of the deluge, broken only at two places, and that those places are the North and South Magnetic Poles.*

"That this shell having been broken at those two particular spots, the waters, which had been till then confined in the bowels of the earth escaped from the abyss, mixed themselves with the oceans and seas, which overflowed their former boundaries, and gradually covered the whole earth.

"By the eruption of the waters from the abysses from a limited space only, a *gradual* inundation would be accomplished, which corresponds with the account given by Moses. By a general breaking up of such shell an *immediate* deluge, if any, would have taken place; and this is against the authority of my Bible, which tells me that the flood went on increasing for forty days.

"The disappearance of the waters was as gradual as their eruption. And, if the great body of them had to return into the bowels of the earth by the same two cavities through which they had issued from the abyss, the withdrawing of the water must, of necessity, have been equally gradual."

* * * * *

"If the admitted doctrine of the tides be true, and they are caused by the attraction and influence of the moon and sun, such doctrine will receive, as it seems to me, confirmation from the proposed theory; as it will give a greater body of water for this attraction to act upon, and a depository for supplying the additional quantity of fluid of which the high tides apparently evidence the presence.

"As this attraction ceases, a portion of the waters may retire again to the chasm from which they have issued.

"So that, instead of the moon by its power of attraction merely altering the position of the water, in causing the tides, it may be considered as actually drawing forth by its influence a larger quantity of water to be diffused upon the surface of the earth from its interior recesses.

"The north magnetic pole is, according to captain Parry's last voyage of discovery, above fifteen degrees distant from the north pole of the earth.

"The south magnetic pole may be considered as at an equal distance from the south pole of the earth.

"The mere rotatory motion of the earth round its axis may cause, in certain positions, (for instance, when either of the chasms is directly towards the sun, and the pressure of the atmosphere consequently lessened from the greater rarity of the air,) a natural tendency in the water of the internal abysses of the earth gradually to escape to the surface.

"In magnetism the attracting power has always been considered by the best writers upon the subject to be placed within the earth; and by late experiments it has been ascertained that electricity and magnetism are most intimately connected.

"Water is one of the great conductors of the electric fluid, and if within the abysses of the earth is contained a great body of water which has constant communication with other waters on the surface, and to which the latter may be continually conducting the electric streams gathered in their exposure to the atmosphere, why may not this account for some of the phenomena of magnetism so long an object of scientific but unsatisfied inquiry.

"Whether magnetic attraction is caused by a fluid, or by a mass of loadstone within the earth, I have made for you a hole in the shell at the Magnetic Poles, which will give an easier communication with the needle.

"The summary of the theory is, first, That the internal parts of the earth are filled with water, originally separated from the superficial waters by a shell or crust.

"That at the time of the flood this shell or crust was broken in two places; and that the chasms, from whence the waters issued, still exist at the North Magnetic Pole, and the South Magnetic Pole.

"That the flood arose from this breaking forth of the internal waters, caused either by a suspension of the rotatory motion of the earth round its own axis, while the chasm was turned towards the sun; or by a *diagonal inclination of the axis of the earth, in its annual orbit round the sun*; or by the immediate command of the Almighty, in the same way as when the sun stood still in the Valley of Ajalon.

"That the rotatory motion of the earth being resumed, the waters again retired into the abyss, but with the communication between the superficial and internal waters left free.

"That by means of this communication between the upper and lower waters, and in conjunction with the influence of the moon and sun, the tides are produced, and

"That this is also the cause of the polarity of the magnet."

We insert this theory in the *Literary Gazette* on the same grounds as its author alleges for offering it: we do not insist on

its being unobjectionable; we hold it to be consistent with the Bible; and we think it worthy of the attention of learned and scientific men. [Lond. Lit. Gaz.]

Variety.

BAMBOOZLE.

A gentleman having purchased an elegant walking-cane for five guineas, met a friend who seemed to have got the fellow to it. On comparing them no difference could be perceived, though the friend had given but two guineas for his, at the very same shop. Enraged at the discovery, the party aggrieved vowed that he would make the fellow feel the weight of his own cane for his rascality. On his entering the shop, full of choler, for that purpose, the vender, with great composure, begged him to be pacified, and to suffer *him* to examine the cane. Having accordingly received, and silently conned it over with the most profound attention, "Phoo!" said he, "why this is as clear as noon-day. Bless me, Sir, why yours is a right *bamboo*, whereas his was nothing in the world but a plain dragon!"—Hence evidently the verb to *bamboozle*.

ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE III.

The attempts made upon his majesty's life were attended with some remarkable incidents. In 1786 a poor disordered female assaulted him with a knife while in the act of receiving a petition from her; on that occasion the Spanish ambassador, with great presence of mind, hastened to Windsor, and contrived to engage the queen in an interesting conversation till the arrival of his majesty in person prevented any alarm which might have been excited by a premature disclosure of the circumstance. For this considerate act his excellency was ever afterwards highly esteemed at the British court, and treated with particular marks of friendship on his return home to Spain. In 1800 two desperate attacks were made upon the sovereign in one day, that in the morning was in the Park at a review, when two bullets were fired at the king, but, missing him, entered the thighs of a young gentleman who stood near him, and very nearly deprived him of life. It is somewhat extraordinary that no provision was made for this person who had so narrow an escape, who by the accident was deprived of his situation in a public office, and who, from the nature of his wounds, must necessarily be a sufferer to the end of his days. That same evening a maniac, as it was proved, fired a pistol into the king's box at the theatre, just as the monarch entered, but happily without

effect. When his majesty took leave of his family that night, he said, "I am going to bed, with a confidence that I shall sleep soundly; and my prayer is, that the poor unhappy prisoner who aimed at my life may rest as quietly as I shall."

SPICK AND SPAN.

This is a very common expression, applied to any thing quite new, but the words appear to want explanation. The most obvious derivation is from the Italian, *spicata de la spanna*, fresh from the hand, or, as we say in another proverbial phrase of our own, "fresh from the mint." There are numerous Italian words in our language, which were brought in before the Reformation, when it was not only customary for our young men of family to complete their studies in that country, but many Italians resided here as collectors of the papal imposts, or as holders of our best benefices. This certainly is a more rational etymology, than that which derives the phrase from a spear, because the head of that weapon was formerly called a spike, and the staff a span; thereby meaning that every part is new.

MY EYE BETTY MARTIN.

This is a vulgarity to be met with only in low companies, though it has sometimes been transplanted from thence, and introduced into noble and even princely mansions. It is an expression of contempt and defiance, when a person is not to be convinced or satisfied with any thing that is said in the way of explanation, in opposition to which the indignant sceptic is apt to exclaim: "'Tis all my eye Betty Martin." Of these strange and apparently unmeaning words the following appears to be a correct definition. A man going once into a church or chapel of the Romish persuasion on St. Martin's day, heard the Latin Litany chaunted, when the words "Mihi Beate Martin," occurred so often, that upon being asked how he liked the service, he replied it was nothing but nonsense or something worse, as from beginning to end "it was all my eye Betty Martin."

On the night of the 25th January the Orphan Asylum in this city was burnt to the ground, and twenty-three of the children perished.

The compassion of the public manifested itself by an immediate and ample supply of every article of food and clothing and furniture that was necessary for the present use of the survivors, and subscriptions are now making for rebuilding the house and for the endowment of this immaculate charity, that we doubt not will place it at once upon its former footing.

A line of packets to sail from New York for Liverpool on the 10th day of every month, was established about two years

ago. Another has been lately formed, and it is intended that a packet shall sail every fortnight.

THE SPY.

This interesting Novel has met with a sale unprecedented in the annals of American literature. A second edition is already called for. We learn with much pleasure, that the author is now engaged in writing a novel to be called "*The Pioneers, or the Sources of the Susquehanna.*" He has selected a most interesting portion of our western country for his incidents, as we know by a residence of years in its neighbourhood; and we anticipate great delight in clambering with our author the rugged mountains of Otsego, or gliding in a canoe upon the surface of the silver lake whence flows the Susquehanna.

[*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*]

AMERICAN POEMS.

A volume of Poems, by William B. Tappan, is in press, and will be published shortly, by Mr. J. Crissy, bookseller, of this city.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, the 24th January, by the Rev. Thomas Griffin, Mr. Charles Plumley, to Miss Eliza, daughter of John Miller, Esq. all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Benjamin Davids, of New York, to Miss Rebecca, daughter of Casper W. Morris, Esq. of this city.

DIED,

On the 26th January, in the 30th year of her age, Mrs. C. Biddle, wife of William S. Biddle, Esq. of the Philadelphia bar.

Poetry.

Stanzas, occasioned by the Conflagration of the Orphan's Asylum.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

'Twas midnight, and the northern blast rode high,
Nature lay torpid 'neath the iron power
Of chill mid-winter. From the clear cold sky,
The stars shed quickened lustre; 'twas the hour
Of brooding silence, heaviness and death.
Hush'd was the Orphan's prayer,
And hush'd the holy hymn.

Say, is it real,—or but the unquiet breath
Of fancy, whispering to the startled ear?
O God of mercy! is there none to save?
No powerful arm of blest protection here,
No kindly refuge from the burning grave?

'Twas morning,—and the smouldering, blacken'd pile,
 The throb of agony, the burst of wo,
 The eye of eloquence, the Orphan's tale,
 Spoke the proud triumph of the midnight foe.

I wept, and long I wept: yet not for those
 Dear innocents, who fed the funeral pyre;
 For them—escaped from earth, and earth-born woes,
 Why should I weep? No, 'twas the shivering child,
 The living wretch, that claimed the pitying tear.
 When lo! a form I saw, of aspect mild,
 Fair CHARITY, amid the throng appear!
 Her magic voice bade every heart attend,
 Her influence, sweet, each feeling bosom knew,
 And soon the helpless Orphan found a friend,
 And eyes unknown to weep, were moist with pity's dew;
 Again was heard the Orphan's prayer,
 Again the holy hymn.

FRAGMENT.

The following beautiful and touching fragment is taken from the *Charleston Courier*. As it is signed P. and as we observe that a Dr. Percival arrived a few weeks previous to its date, at Charleston, from New Haven, we ascribe it to the poet of that name, whose compositions we have, heretofore, had occasion to celebrate. In our humble opinion, no American has ever manifested greater poetical genius. Much of his verse would do honour to any European bard of the day. [*Nat. Gaz.*

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
 But yet he comes not—once it was not so.
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
 The while he holds his riot in that town.
 Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
 O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
 I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
 As bees, from laurel flow'rs a poison sip;
 But yet, I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
 When I could hang for ever on his eye,
 And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
 Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flow'rs.
 I lov'd him then—he loved me too—my heart
 Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;
 The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
 And though he often sting me with a dart,
 Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile,
 Caresses which his babe and mine should share;
 Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
 His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
 Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
 I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
 Until the penitent should weep, and say,
 How injured, and how faithful I had been.

P.